THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

VOL. I.] *PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, 21st of Ninth Month*, 1805. [No. 41.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Extract of a letter written to a young woman who wished for the sentiments of her friend on the subjects of music, painting, and poetry.

Speaking of the staining of the beauties of this world, thou must understand of its corrupt mixtures. Among which, however offensive the remark to some minds who would be thought liberated in the pure truth, we must reckon many things deemed refined, and classed among the polite arts and sciences. There undoubtedly is, for instance, a refinement comparatively, in the pleasures and sciences of music, painting, and poetry, &c. Yet how apt are they to be corrupt, either in their degree or application.—Therefore how necessary they should be stained, and how certainly they will be as to their captivating effect to an extreme, by minds that have felt and tasted the power of an endless life. Superior glory lessens, or stains inferior glory, or, as it were, absorbs it. I am no enemy to the useful, and within certain limits, the pleasing application of the second and third branches, (which last I have often cultivated with satisfaction on moral and religious subjects;) and with regard to the first, it is not my business either rudely or determinedly to censure for others. For myself, having an opportunity, in the early part of life, of being much conversant therewith, had I been easy, I can only say that in religious, or professionally religious, exercises, it appeared to have a more amusing, softening, enervating effect on my system, than to be *solidly edifying*. But mindful of the originality in every one's make, or constitution, if I may so speak, I will not dare pronounce for another. With regard to that science merely as an *entertainment*, I observed it to have equally, if not more enervating, dissipating effects. And besides that as time is precious, and much to be acquired in a small space, there are other entertainments for a young mind, far more interesting than mere sound; and real entertainments too, in which the useful is blended; such as informing the mind by history, &c. There seemed to me no room, nor any properly cogent inducement for the prosecution of that science. I had opportunities of observing some who excelled in it, sadly ignorant of the true harmony—the harmony of the mind; and very uninformed.

Now if my dear young friend has really more time than she knows what to do with (a predicament I am much a stranger to) and can employ it to no more improving & profitable purposes than blending the utile and dulce—even let her sing, dance, and be merry. "Rejoice O young woman, in thy youth, &c. but remember!!" Solomon adds, and it is a solemn remembrance—if thou recollectest, calling for sedateness, not gloominess. But, O dear!—to be serious, thou knowest, and wilt doubtless more know, that life has its arduous exercises, calling for our being deeply prepared to meet, and to be cautious of its offered amusements, and evanescent beauties of man's creating and inventing, additionally to the genuine and natural one's, as a much admired writer says on another occasion, "God made the country, man the town;" so we may speak on this; there are numerous additions, amusements, &c. of man's making; that we had more need, by example and precept, to seek to contract than extend. Yet enough will be left, after a great deal of contracting, to recreate and unbend, which may sometimes be requisite for some constitutions, and for some minds who are much bent, if I may so speak; but as a memorable character once said, "those are apt to talk most about its being requisite to unbend, who never were bent." For my own part I am rather an advocate than otherwise for amusement, but I approve of the union of *improvement* and *entertainment* at the same time. There are numerous less exceptionable than some the polite world advocate the cause of, yet I would not be illiberal. What is poison to one may be nourishment to another. If a parent had a wild, dissipated, rough, unfeeling son, he might be allowed to be pleased by having his violence restrained a little by some domestic amusement, and the evil spirit cast out, or soothed into quietude by some potent harp like David's, if he has left such an one below. But were the same parent a truly wise and judicious one, possessed of a daughter already meekened and harmonized by the sweetness of truth, and a well improved educational care, I do not conceive he would discover that wisdom, or a deep knowledge of human nature, in wishing that daughter to be much conversant with the fascinating charms of music. But though I think thus from my own observations and experience of the powers of music (God made the voice—man the complicated and enervating additions) I am not to judge for another, sufficient if I am made sensible—and preserved attentive thereto—that such and such things are most suitable for my line, and this is all I wish to inculcate on the minds of the youth, a deep attention to the *proper for each*, according to that voice which if obeyed produces peace.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

An Epistle to R. R.—South Carolina.

When o'er my head the hov'ring tempest flies,
And angry billows meet the low'ring skies—
When from the north the wind impetuous pours,
And the hoarse beach with voice responsive roars.
My heart still anxious for thy safety flies,
Through pathless seas where hourly dangers rise.
Attach'd to thee by many a tender tie,
It dares the power of absence to defy;

Thy virtues, ROWLAND, need not apprehend,
The lessening friendship of thy absent friend.
Whene'er misfortune may thy life infest,
Congenial sorrow saddens at my breast;
Whene'er the rays of bliss enliven thine,
A kindred radiance is diffus'd o'er mine.
May heav'n propitious on my brother smile;
And all his toil with cheerful hope beguile;
May it on thee diffuse its choicest ray;
And every care with tenfold bliss repay—
May the great Being whose supreme decree,
Stills the harsh tumults of the raging sea;
Direct thee safely o'er the pathless deep,
Guide thee when waking and protect thy sleep;
Conduct thy footsteps to thy native shore,
To tempt the dangers of the seas no more.
But if affliction comes with sorrowing face,
To mark thy paths and every hope deface;
May the Good Shepherd be forever nigh,
Who wipes the tears from every streaming eye;
The healing balsam of his love impart,
And soothe the sorrows that invade the heart;
By him attemper'd, may they only prove,
The chain that links thee to his sacred love.

EMMA.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

Since reading several philosophical essays in your late papers, I accidentally met with some directions on the subject, in an author of unquestionable authority, which I could not help wishing to see fill some conspicuous place in one of your numbers; believing they may be singularly useful to the young professors amongst your numerous literary correspondents: viz.

"In philosophy the only end is accurately to explain our thoughts to others; thence the particular rules to be observed by philosophers, in delivering their doctrines, naturally follow.

1st. Not to deviate from the received signification of terms.

2d. That the same terms be always taken in the same sense.

3d. To fix the meaning of such words as have only a vague sense.

4th. To signify objects essentially different by different names.

5th. To make use of proper expressions, and use no more words than what are precisely necessary to establish the truth of his doctrine. T.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following little Hymn, handed me by its author, was written upon a review of personal distress, amid scenes of public calamity. I think it merits publicity—should you agree with me in opinion, you will please to give it a place in the Evening Fire-side.

EUMENES.

A HYMN.

When danger threatens from abroad,
Or anguish strikes my breast;
Whene'er I feel thy chast'ning rod,
Or mourn with friends distrest;
Thou art, O Lord, my refuge still,
On thee my hope relies,
To thee my soul, in every ill,
Instinctively applies.

While Judgment walks amid the land,
And terror stalks our streets;
The mourning friend on every hand,
A brother mourner meets;

The stoic boasts th' unruffled brow,
And scorns to own his fears—
I love before thy throne to bow,
Dissolv'd in faithful tears.

For when the streams of mercy flow,
And grief and sadness flee,
It gives a ten-fold joy, to know
Our blessings come from thee.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Death-bed the true School of Wisdom. Effects of death upon the survivors.

Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay;
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When, lo! thy tomb forgotten lies.

FRANCIS.

I have lately been called from a mingled life of business and amusement, to attend the last hours of an old friend; an office which has filled me if not with melancholy, at least with serious reflections, and turned my thoughts towards the contemplation of those objects which, though of the utmost importance, and of indubitable certainty, are generally secluded from our regard by the jollity of health, the hurry of employment, and even by the calmer diversions of study and speculation; or if they become accidental topics of conversation and argument, yet rarely sink deep into the heart, but give occasion only to some subtilities of reasoning, or elegancies of declamation, which are heard, applauded, and forgotten.

It is, indeed, not hard to conceive how a man accustomed to extend his views through a long concatenation of causes and effects, to trace things from their origin to their period, and compare means with ends, may discover the weakness of human schemes; detect the fallacies by which mortals are deluded; show the insufficiency of wealth, honours, and power, to real happiness; and please himself and his auditors with learned lectures on the vanity of life.

But though the speculatist may see and show the folly of terrestrial hopes, fears, and desires, every hour will give proofs that he never felt it. Trace him through the day or year, and you will find him acting upon principles which he has in common with the illiterate and unenlightened, angry and pleased like the lowest of the vulgar, pursuing, with the same ardour, the same designs; grasping, with all the eagerness of transport, those riches which he knows he cannot keep; and swelling with the applause which he has gained, by proving that applause is of no value.

The only conviction that rushes upon the soul, and takes away from our appetites and passions the power of resistance, is to be found, where I have received it, at the bed of a dying friend. To enter this school of wisdom is not the peculiar privilege of geometricians; the most sublime and important precepts require no uncommon opportunities, nor laborious preparations; they are enforced without the aid of eloquence, and understood without skill in analytic science. Every tongue can utter them, and every understanding can conceive them. He that wishes in earnest to obtain just sentiments concerning his condition, and would be intimately acquainted with the world, may find instructions on every side. He that desires to enter behind the scene, which every art has been employed to decorate, and every passion labours to illuminate, and wishes to see life stript of those ornaments which make it glitter on the stage, and exposed in its natural meanness, impotence, and nakedness, may find all the delusion laid open in the chamber of disease: he will here find Vanity divested of her robes, Power deprived of her sceptre, and Hypocrisy without her mask.

The friend whom I have lost, was a man eminent for genius, and like others of the same class, sufficiently pleased with acceptance and applause. Being caressed by those who have preferments and riches in their disposal, he considered himself as in the direct road of advancement, and had caught the flame of ambition by approaches to its object.—But in the midst of his hopes, his projects, and his gaieties, he was seized by a lingering disease, which, from its first stage, he knew to be incurable. Here was an end of all his visions of greatness and happiness; from the first hour that his health declined, all his former pleasures grew tasteless. His friends expected to please him by those accounts of the growth of his reputation, which were formerly certain of being well received; but they soon found how little he was now affected by compliments, and how vainly they attempted, by flattery, to exhilirate the languor of weakness,

and to relieve the solicitude of approaching death. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue surpass all external goods, might here have seen them weighed against each other; where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that sparkles in the eye of Hope, and pants in the bosom of Suspicion, at once became dust in the balance, without weight and without regard. Riches, authority, and praise, lose all their influence when they are considered as riches which to-morrow shall be bestowed upon another, authority, which shall this night expire forever, and praise, which, however merited, or however sincere, shall, after a few moments, be heard no more.

In those hours of seriousness and wisdom, nothing appeared to raise his spirits, or gladden his heart, but the recollection of acts of goodness; nor to excite his attention, but some opportunity for the exercise of the duties of religion. Every thing that terminated on this side of the grave, was received with coldness and indifference, and regarded rather in consequence of the habit of valuing it, than from any opinion that it deserved value: it had little more prevalence over his mind than a bubble that was now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His whole powers were engrossed by the consideration of another state; and all conversation was tedious that had not some tendency to disengage him from human affairs, and open his prospects into futurity.

It is now past; we have closed his eyes, and heard him breathe the groan of expiration. At the sight of this last conflict, I felt a sensation never known to me before; a confusion of passions, an awful stillness of sorrow, a gloomy terror without a name. The thoughts that entered my soul were too strong to be diverted, and too piercing to be endured; but such violence cannot be lasting, the storm subsided in a short time, I wept, retired, and grew calm.

I have from that time frequently revolved in my mind the effects which the observation of death produces in those who are not wholly without the power and use of reflection; for by far the greater part is wholly unregarded, their friends and their enemies sink into the grave without raising any uncommon emotion, or reminding them that they are themselves on the edge of the precipice, and that they must soon plunge into the gulph of eternity.

It seems to me remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad.—Those virtues which once we envied, as Horace observes, because they eclipsed our own, can now no longer obstruct our reputation, and we have therefore no interest to suppress their praise. That wickedness which we feared for its malignity, is now become impotent; and the man whose name filled us with alarm, and rage, and indignation, can at last be considered only with pity or contempt.

When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations for every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed; and wish, vainly wish, for his return; not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood.

There is not, perhaps, to a mind well instructed, a more painful occurrence, than the death of one whom we have injured without reparation. Our crime seems now irretrievable; it is indelibly recorded, and the stamp of fate is fixed upon it. We consider, with the most afflictive anguish, the pain which we have given, and now cannot alleviate, and the losses which we have caused, and now cannot repair.

Of the same kind are the emotions which the death of an emulator or competitor produces. Whoever had qualities to alarm our jealousy, had excellence to deserve our fondness; and to whatever ardour of opposition interest may inflame us, no man ever outlived an enemy whom he did not then wish to have made a friend. Those who are versed in literary history, know that the elder Scaliger was the redoubted antagonist of Cardan and Erasmus; yet at the death of each of his great rivals he relented, and complained that they were snatched away from him before their reconciliation was completed.

Tu ne etiam moreris? Ah! quid me linquis, Erasme,
Ante meus quam sit conciliatus amor?

Art thou too fallen? Ere anger could subside,
And love return, has great Erasmus died?

Such are the sentiments with which we finally review the effects of passion, but which we sometimes delay till we can no longer rectify our errors. Let us therefore make haste to do what we shall certainly at last wish to have done; let us return the caresses of our friends, and endeavour by mutual endearments to heighten that tenderness which is the balm of life. Let us be quick to repent of injuries while repentance may not be a barren anguish, and let us open our eyes to every rival excellence, and pay early and willingly those honours which justice will compel us to pay at last.

[*Rambler.*]

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

The following beautiful lines of the much admired poet Thomson, appear to have something in them so very appropriate to the present state of our city, I take the liberty of requesting a place for them in the Evening Fire-side.

B.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot, waste;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain;
——————— How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social Passions work.

An account of the Insect which desolated the Province of Angounois in France, referred to in W. B's communication on the Wheat Moth in our 39th number.

These insects being in their reptile state concealed in grain that has every appearance of being perfectly sound, have been carried into all the neighbouring provinces, and are thus described:

The caterpillar is very smooth and white, except its head, which is brown; it has 16 legs, the ends of which are furnished with claws. The fly which proceeds from this caterpillar, is of the second class of the *Phalenæ*, or *nocturnal butterfly*; it has a proboscis and knotted antenna, or feelers; its wings are flat or parallel to the plane on which it stands, its natural size being not larger than that of a gnat; its upper wings are generally a very clear cinnamon colour, but are sometimes whitish, and always shining; the inner side of the under wings is fringed with a long down; the most remarkable character of this fly is its having two long slender substances, like the beards of a grain of barley, one on each

side of the proboscis; they rise above the head, and turn forward at the end, so as to have the appearance of horns.—As soon as it is disengaged from the *crysalis* it ranges over the fields, couples, and establishes its posterity upon the ears of the grain while it is yet green; they insinuate themselves into its substance without leaving any mark of their entrance, and continue hidden till they take wing.

The flies lay eggs which are scarce visible to the naked eye, but with a magnifying glass look like small red spots.—Of these eggs every female lays from 60 to 90. After a time these eggs produce a caterpillar, which, when it first makes its way out, is scarce the fortieth part of an inch in length. The precautions which it uses before it bites the grain are very extraordinary. It insinuates itself into the hollow of the notch or cleft of the grain, and remains there immoveable a considerable time; it there spins a web extremely fine, with which it covers itself in its whole length, fastening its web by threads to the sides of the cleft, the whole not taking up more than an 8th part of its length. Here the insect begins its first depredations, making a round hole that will just admit its body, which advances as it eats its way, and leaves the web behind it. It at length forms a little cell large enough for it to turn in, but the web still covers the aperture; and when *M. du Hamel* raised it with the point of a fine knife, the creature seemed disconcerted, and immediately threw out other threads to replace the covering that kept him in secret.

Sometimes the worm changes into a crysalis without having wounded both sides of the grain; but sometimes when its change is not precipitated by great heat, the whole grain is consumed, and there have been instances of two grains adhering together, which is caused by one of these caterpillars having established itself between them, so that in this case it would not want resources if its metamorphoses should be delayed till one grain is totally exhausted.

It appeared from subsequent and more critical examinations, that the eggs, when first deposited, are white; and afterwards receive a red hue from the caterpillar when he is ready to break prison; that the caterpillar enters the grain by a small aperture at the extremity of the cleft where the outside and inside chaff or skin concur and run up into a point which in barley forms the beard, and is sometimes five or six inches long.

It appeared also in the course of the experiments made upon these insects, that the caterpillars which were surprised by the winter before they had passed their crysalis state, would survive in the ground till the next summer if they were not more than three inches below the surface, and the earth was not close, compact, and a little hard, in which cases they would infallibly perish.

It appeared also that they would live and multiply in oats, as well as in wheat, barley, and rye, in which they were most commonly found, and that the eggs were deposited between the two grains that grow on one pedicle, which is fastened to the stem that forms part of the ear, and that they would also be produced and thrive on *Spanish* wheat or maize, if maize was in a state to receive the eggs when the butterflys lay, which happily is not the case.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

TO FARMER CLEMENS.

Forillio, Twinkle, Phos and Co,
Are always ready to bestow
Their favours—when genteelly courted;
But *dignity* must be supported.
Didst think that they would stand and spar
And place themselves upon a par
With one brought up to wield the flail,
And stump along at the plough tail?
Why! Clemens!—those poetic peers
Would sooner suffer loss of ears,
Than thus degrade their high profession,
And manifest such indiscretion.

But I (like thee) am a plebeian,
Not bound by *honour's* sacred lien,
And may without contamination
Review thy *morning meditation.*
A sterile soil by cultivation
Produces to our admiration:
'Tis not false praise that I bestow,
I only speak from what I know.

Thou'st us'd thy mother-tongue discreetly,
And common sense disguis'd completely;
Dame Decency—thou didst so claw her,
I hardly knew her when I saw her:
Thou'st one thing done that's quite distressing
Made labyrinths of woe a blessing!!!
Thy favourite bards—on pleasing themes,
Add beauty to the very streams!
The fishes too—(forgetful boy)
Darted about with *fiend like joy.*
A wat'ry element surrounding,
Excludes the science of rebounding;
Or many would have been confounded,
And some I trust severely wounded.
Some commentators, urg'd by duty,
Find out a fault for ev'ry beauty;
But the proportion is with me
Not more than one to twenty-three.
Thy greatest feat shall close th' account,
'Twas drawing *clearness* from the fount.
But where the *fount* is to be found,
Whether above or under ground—
Even "man with heav'nly reason blest"
Can but conjecture, at the best—
Conjectures, vagaries are but vain!—
The *fount* in question's not the brain:
I look'd thy cranium o'er with care,
And saw no signs of clearness there.

If no amusement or instruction
Is to be found in thy production,
The magic of *distorted vision*
Can shew no cause for just derision.
He's just as safe, (thy fate will prove)
Who sinks beneath as soars above
The point of Cynic observation—
That ever-to-be-dreaded station.
Oblivion—(nothing is more certain)
Will o'er thee throw her sable curtain;
Else *Charity* thy fate would sigh at,
Else I should urge thee to be quiet
And listen to the Druid's lore,—
But strive to *imitate* no more.

Rusticus.

Haddonfield, Sept. 16th, 1805.

Letter from Wm. Cowper, Esq. to a particular friend.

Huntingdon, Sept. 3, 1766.

My Dear Cousin,

It is reckoned, you know, a great achievement to silence an opponent in disquisition, and your silence was of so long continuance, that I might well begin to please myself with the apprehension of having accomplished so arduous a matter. To be serious, however, I am not sorry that what I have said concerning our knowledge of each other in a future state, has a little inclined you to the affirmative: for though the redeemed of the Lord shall be sure of being as happy in that state as infinite power, employed by infinite goodness, can make them, and therefore it may seem immaterial whether we shall or shall not recollect each other hereafter; yet our present happiness at least is a little interested in the question. A parent, a friend, a wife, must needs, I think, feel a little heart-ache at the thought of an eternal separation from the objects of her regard: and not to know them when she meets them in another life, or never to meet them at all, amounts, though not altogether, yet nearly to the same thing. Remember them I think she needs must. To hear that they are happy will indeed be no small addition to her own felicity; but to see them so will surely be a greater. Thus, at least, it appears to our present human apprehension; consequently, therefore, to think that when we leave them, we lose them forever, that we must remain eternally ignorant whether they that were flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, partake with us of celestial glory, or are disinherited of their heavenly portion, must shed a dismal gloom over all our present

connections. For my own part, this life is such a momentary thing, and all its interests have so shrunk in my estimation, since, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I became attentive to the things of another, that, like a worm in the bud of all my friendships and affections, this very thought would eat out the heart of them all, had I a thousand; and were their date to terminate with this life, I think I should have no inclination to cultivate and improve such a fugitive business. Yet friendship is necessary to our happiness here, and, built upon Christian principles, upon which only it can stand, is a thing even of religious sanction: for what is that love which the Holy Spirit, speaking by St. John, so much inculcates, but friendship? The only love which deserves the name; a love which can toil, and watch, and deny itself, and go to death for its brother. Worldly friendships are a poor weed compared with this, and even this union of spirit, in the bond of peace, would suffer, in my mind at least, could I think it were only coeval with our earthly mansions. It may possibly argue great weakness in me, in this instance to stand so much in need of future hopes to support me in the discharge of present duty. But so it is: I am far, I know, very far, from being perfect in Christian love, or any other divine attainment, and am therefore unwilling to forego whatever may help me in my progress.

You are so kind as to inquire after my health, for which reason I must tell you, what otherwise would not be worth mentioning, that I have lately been just enough indisposed to convince me that not only human life in general, but mine in particular, hangs by a slender thread. I am stout enough in appearance, yet a little illness demolishes me. I have had a severe shake, and the building is not so firm as it was. But I bless God for it with all my heart. If the inner man be but strengthened day by day, as I hope, under the renewing influences of the Holy Ghost, it will be no matter how soon the outward is dissolved. He who has in a manner raised me from the dead, in a literal sense, has given me the grace, I trust, to be ready at the shortest notice, to surrender up to him that life which I have twice received from him.—Wether I live or die, I desire it may be to his glory, and it must be to my happiness.—I thank God that I have those amongst my kindred to whom I can write without reserve of sentiments upon this subject, as I do to you. A letter upon any other subject is more insipid to me than ever my task was when a school-boy; and I say not this in vain glory, God forbid! but to show you what the Almighty, whose name I am unworthy to mention, has done for me, the chief of sinners. Once he was a terror to me; and his service, O what a weariness it was! Now I can say I love him and his holy name, and am never so happy as when I speak of his mercies to me. Yours, dear cousin.

WM. COWPER.

[The following piece, for which we are indebted to the kindness of a friend, was written by one of the inmates of New-Jersey state Prison. The crime, for which he was adjudged to hard labour within the confines of a prison, was not of the deepest die—it was one of those which proceed rather from a casual inattention to good principles, than a total desertion thereof.]

THE THRUSH.

AN APOLOGUE.

A Swain had entoil'd, in a snare that was laid,
A Thrush of the neighbouring plain;
The fugitive warbler a captive was made,
For filching the esculent grain.

Tho' perch'd in a gilded magnificent cage,
And fed on the viands of love,
She long'd to regale with the birds of the hedge,
And join in the song of the grove.

The Ville that environ'd re-echoed around,
So plaintive the tremulous lay;
Mild zephyrs came whisp'ring to swell the sweet sound,
And bear the soft music away:

"Adieu, ye gay lawns, and ye arbors of love,
"Where Nature so wantonly strews
"The rich aromatics that waft from the grove,
"And breathes the perfumes of the rose.

"The winter of woe has envelop'd the skies,
"The spring of my pleasures is past;
"Thick glooms of despair, that in horrors arise,
"The verdure of hope have o'ercast.

"And oh! ye lov'd young, that in yonder lone wood,
"Feel hunger so painfully prey;
"Or glut, with yourselves, some wild raven with food,
"Or torn by some vulture away,

"How gladly I'd bear the diurnal repast,
"To silence those hunger-pain'd cries;
"Or fly, to relieve, thro' the thick thorny waste,
"And snatch from their talons the prize."

The victim to Justice for mercy implor'd,
To spare the fond brood of the nest;
The swain the lost felon to freedom restor'd,
And these were the words he expres:—

"Since heav'n has ordain'd that all flesh should be free,
"And given this intuitive guide,
"To do unto others as I'd have done to me,
"And mercy to none has denied;

"Go, pluck the wild fruit of the forest again,
"Regale on the viands of love,
"Unite with the lark and the thrush of the plain,
"And join in the song of the grove."

State-Prison, February 10, 1802.

A very remarkable Ordinance, published at Paris, July 15, 1763.

When young fellows of family shall be guilty of irregularities, capable of wounding the honour, or disturbing the quiet of their families, or which are reprehensible by the Police, without being crimes punishable by law, it shall be lawful for their parents to ask the Secretaries of State in the department of war and of the marine, to transport them to the island of Desirade. If the proofs, which they shall be obliged to deliver for that effect, are found just, an order shall be delivered to them from the King, by virtue of which they may conduct, at their own expence, those young fellows to the port of Rochefort, where they shall be detained in prison, and maintained at the King's expence, till they be put on board a packet-boat, the commander of which shall be answerable to his Majesty for their safe custody. During the voyage they shall mess with the common sailors, and at their arrival at Martinico, the captain shall consign them to the Governor-general of that island, and take a receipt for them, which, at his return to France, he shall deliver to the Secretary of State. The young fellows shall be sent to prison by the Governor-general, and dieted as the common soldiers, till they be sent to Desirade. On their arrival there, the commandant, to whom they shall be delivered, shall station them in a fruitful, healthy part of the island. They shall be lodged in cabins built on purpose for them. He shall forbid them the use of any sorts of arms, and take all necessary precautions to prevent their making their escape. They shall be fed as the common soldiers are, and shall be furnished *gratis* with instruments for tilling the earth, and seed to sow it, and the produce shall be for their own benefit. They shall be new clothed every year; and in case of sickness received into the hospital as soldiers. They shall be distributed into classes as soon as they discover any signs of amendment; and the commandant shall give an account to the Minister at War and of the Marine, that he may inform the parents. In case it should be discovered that their families, notwithstanding their reformation, want to keep them abroad, that they may enjoy their estates; the young fellows shall be assisted to recover them, if they choose to remain in the colonies, or they shall even be allowed to return to France, to take care of their affairs in person.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

BEWARE OF AN IDLER.

A hungry wolf is not more dangerous to a flock of sheep, nor a cat to a mouse, than an idle man is to the industry of a neighbourhood.

A pleasant story is told of a fellow who went into a town market, and placing himself in the centre thereof, that he might be seen by the butchers, began to gape wide his jaws, and yawn in a formal manner, when (so great is the power of sympathy) the whole of the butchers, as they stood at their shambles, began to gape and yawn in concert.

The tale, whether true or false, is explanatory of the influence of an idler on those within his sphere. The industrious citizen, who views his neighbour lolling indolently on his porch, begins immediately to draw envious comparisons. "Behold," saith he, "mine is a life of labour and toil; I toil, and I sweat; but yonder man, who is not richer than I am, pleasantly passeth away his time, puffing the cares and inquietudes of the world from him with smoke from a segar, or an old pipe; I will go and do likewise." Foolish man, thou hadst better not.

In the midst of summer, when the meridian rays of the sun oppress by their intense heat the animal creation, who is there who has not experienced the attractive power of an idler as he loiters in the shade? "Lo!" crieth one, "there is Zachariah seated under the shadow of yonder building; doubtless it is a cool and a refreshing place; come, let us go and sit with Zachariah." Friend, if thou valuest life, thou hadst better mind thy business; and pursue an object more estimable than pleasure and ease; something that will be profitable to thyself, to thy family, thy friends, or the public.

Attracting, by his evil example, a circle of disciples around him, the idler becomes an important personage: He is the instrument of Vice, and worketh wonders: The groupe whom the evil influence of his indolence hath collected together, amuse themselves with trifles; serious and weighty topics of discourse are too burdensome for their minds; quips, cranks, and legends are only palatable. When the chief idler hath spread himself upon the portico, Nathan the carpenter, espying him, leaveth his work, and hies to him just to have a little chat: Then come David, the smith; and Ephraim, the hatter; and Barnaby the scribe: The tale passeth round, and every one is merry. Meanwhile, the sun journeyeth to the west, and the work of Nathan, and David, and Ephraim, and Barnaby, is neglected; and when called for, it is unfinished. Verily, if they continue under the enchantment of the idler, poverty will overtake them, and a jail be their reward.

The idler is generally mischievous: He plays off tricks, and is always contriving stratagems, to render some one ridiculous, in order that he may have a subject for merriment: He gathereth on his memory the tattle of the day, and retaileth it in scraps to regale his companions. A joke is his supreme delight, and ribaldry his highest diversion.

Wherever these idlers abound, health, wealth, and virtuous morals decay. Their gatherings corrupt youth, and lead very often to drunkenness. Full many a promising citizen has fallen a prey to the vicious practices of an idler.

Beware of him, therefore; for his is the road to poverty, and the path that leadeth to misery.

But think not, my brethren, that I am a foe to recreation. Oh! no: it is salutary to the son of industry. There are times and seasons for pleasure and pastime, which should not be neglected.—It is wholesome to the mind as well as to the body, to indulge them occasionally in decorous playfulness and innocent diversion. *Rep. Ad.*

LONGEVITY.

The following extraordinary instance of longevity is given in a late German journal. There is now living near Polosk, on the frontiers of Livonia, a Russian who served under Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden. He was present at the battle of Pultawa in 1709, at which time he was 86 years of age. At the age of 93 he entered into the married state, and had children. The family of this patriarch consists of 186 individuals, who reside together in a village which comprehends ten houses. The oldest of his grand children is 102; the age of the next is not less than a century. This old man still enjoys a perfect state of health, though now 180.

[*Tilloch.*]

A man lately died at Gloves, near Athewry, in Ireland, aged 117. He retained his faculties to the last, and, three days before his death, walked twenty-six miles. He read the smallest print without glasses. He married seven times; the last when 93 years of age.—By his different wives he had 48 children. His descendants by these were 236 grand children, 944 great grand children; and 25 great great grand children, the oldest of whom is four years old. His youngest son by his last marriage is now about 18. [*Ibid.*]

AN ODD CHARACTER.

A week's residence at Weymouth gave me an opportunity of conversing with a singular character, we had often met, at the coffee-house, at the library, and had made some little progress towards an acquaintance, when, without any provocation on my part, he seemed rather to shun, than to seek me. However, we were accidentally imprisoned in the Camera Obscura, and could not well avoid going down the hill in company together; when he expressed himself nearly in this manner. "I am afraid you think me something worse than an *odd fellow*."—To which, receiving no reply, he added, "I confess the *apparent* absurdity of my my way of life;—it is upon a principle which differs so much from common custom, that it lies perfectly open to attacks, which I shall not even attempt to repel. I am content to be thought incapable of defending myself; and, if non-resistance in *one* party, can communicate any honour to the *other*, my adversary may enjoy all the triumph of such a victory. My system is my own, and made for myself alone. In my early days I was not long in observing that, by far, the greatest part of life's troubles were not upon our own account, but that of others. That it was in the power of *one* person to make an *hundred miserable*, by partaking of his personal afflictions; but that he could make only *one* happy, by partaking of his personal pleasures. This is undoubtedly a losing trade; but it is the commerce of society. A man of a philanthropic temper becomes acquainted with those about him; his acquaintance with some produces friendship, and his *friendships* produce *sorrow*. Every trouble of mind, or disease of your friends, affects you: it is true you also participate their pleasures, as far as they can be communicated; but these are not in equal proportions. Should your friend increase his possessions, you are not the richer. But if he is in want, you are poorer. If he be in health, as a thing of

course, you do not rejoice ; but if he is sick, you mourn. If he has an agreeable wife, you have none of his pleasures; but if he loses her, at least half his pain is poured into your bosom. Suppose life passes without any exertions of friendship ?—but merely in a belief, that if they were required they would be made ! I *even* then see my friend advance in years ; he loses his person, and strength, by degrees ; death sets his mark upon him, and at last, claims him for his own. What I see in him he sees in me, and all those sensations are multiplied according to the number of our intimate connections.—Fully sensible of this truth, I, very early in life, determined to have no friend at all. To accomplish this intention, my plan has been to shift my residence from place to place. I have *many* acquaintance, but *no* friends. The common scenes of public amusement I visit occasionally ; and sometimes bury myself in London. If I wish to improve, I retire ; if, to amuse myself, I join in such accidental parties as occur ; and, like the butterfly, *play* among the flowers, but fix *on none*. If an acquaintance, with an agreeable person, improves too fast, and I begin to feel something like an attachment, I take it as a hint for shifting my quarters, and decamp before the *fetter is fastened.* To confess the truth, I *more* than suspect that I have been *too long acquainted with you ;* I shall quit this place immediately, lest, to-morrow, I should feel myself your friend." He then redoubled his pace, as if willing to avoid my reply. I indulged him in his wish ; and was not sorry to be excused from continuing a conversation I could not support with any other than common arguments, which seldom have any effect upon those who so boldly differ from principles long established, and supposed to be true.

Q. V.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—By the arrival of the Southern Mail, yesterday, letters were received in town from some of our late prisoners in Tripoli, dated on board the U. S. ship President, off Virginia capes, Sept. 10, 1805. The letters abound with expressions of the feelings excited by their restoration to liberty and their country. One letter mentions, "that the final acceptance on the part of the Bashaw, of the terms proposed by Col. Lear, was instantaneously followed by the unclosing of those bolts and bars, which had so long detained us in dreary confinement.—We hurried away from our miserable abode to the Consular house, and the next day removed on board the Constitution. The Bashaw consented to our embarking on board the squadron without the ransom money being paid down, as he was satisfied with Col. Lear's binding the United States to pay it.

Previous to our leaving the shore, upwards of seven hundred dollars was subscribed among the officers of the late frigate Philadelphia for the purpose of purchasing a handsome piece of Plate, to be presented in our names to our much esteemed friend Mr. Nisson (the Danish Consul.) My pen would but feebly express the high esteem and respect we all feel for his character—he has uniformly been our warm and disinterested friend.

While at Syracuse, a Court of Inquiry was held on Captain Bainbridge for the loss of the late frigate Philadelphia, and after a full investigation of the whole transactionof that unfortunate day, he was most honourably acquitted.

The Moniteur of the 20th ult. contains the following :—

"LEGHORN, July 8.—Yesterday arrived a vessel at this port from Algiers, after a passage of three days, with an account that the inhabitants of the mountains of Cabaili, situated about thirty or forty miles from that capital, rushed unexpectedly, and with great impetuosity, upon it, and made themselves masters of it, in spite of the resistance that was opposed to them. Their first act was to seize the person of the Dey ; after which they plundered all the houses of the Jews, and murdered all the Christian slaves. The banditti wear no other covering than cloaks, and cords wound round their heads, in imitation of turbans. About 700 persons, who were so fortunate as to escape the massacre, are expected at Leghorn.

"Another account states the arrival of 170 Jews at Leghorn, from Algiers, who were so fortunate as to escape the slaughter, although in the utmost distress, having scarcely a rag to cover them."

The probability of a war on the continent, is of late greatly increased ; the discontents between Austria and France are fast ripening to a rupture—and the return of the Russian Minister, Novozilzoff, without entering on negociation, is considered as decisive of the disposition of the Emperor Alexander, and as marking the ascendency, which Great Britain and Austria have obtained at the Court of St. Petersburgh.

The annexation of Genoa to France, and the disposition discovered by the Emperor Napoleon to extend his dominion in every direction, has excited great alarm among the continental powers ; even Prussia is said to be dissatisfied.

Fears are entertained for the safety of Portugal, now threatened with invasion by a French and Spanish army. The show of invading Britain is also renewed on the coasts of Holland and France, where all appears to be activity and preparation—but it is believed to be mere show.

During the Pope's late residence at Paris, the most constant homage was paid him by numerous exhibitions to explain the progress of the useful arts in that country. One circumstance, however, but little known, though unparalleled in the *Annals of Printing*, deserves to be recorded : On the 1st of February, his Holiness visited the Imperial printing-office. As he passed along the galleries, one hundred and fifty presses furnished him, as he passed, with a sheet each, upon which was given the Lord's Prayer in some different language or dialect. In Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, ancient Syriac, Rabinical, ancient and vulgar Arabic, Armenian, Persian, and also all the languages and letters of the Crimea, of the Malay, of Java, of Indostan, of the Mogul Empire, of China, and of Tartary ; in all forty-six dialects of Asia. We cannot enumerate all the European languages and dialects, but they amounted to seventy-five. Africa furnished twelve, and America the remaining seventeen. The reputation of the French press is well known, and the constant attention paid by that nation to the Art of Printing, even amidst their revolutionary horrors, enabled them to pass before the eyes of the Roman Pontiff whatever has been employed to improve or enrich the noblest and most useful art known to man.

We hear that Dr. Jenner is engaged in collecting reports from the different states of Europe, and from many of the other quarters of the globe, respecting the effects of Vaccine Inoculation on the mortality occasioned by the Small Pox. In several of the largest cities on the continent, we are informed that he has already received the pleasing intelligence of the Small Pox being either nearly, or totally subdued. Among them is Viecna. But how melancholy is the reflection, that while the great and populous city of Vienna, which for time immemorial, had been subjected to the incessant ravages of the Small Pox, exhibited two deaths only by that disease in the year 1804, the city of London should even at this moment have to deplore the untimely fate of near 50 persons weekly by this horrid pestilence ; a pestilence which, it is obvious from this and other similar examples, might not only be speedily banished from the metropolis, but from every part of the British empire.

A most curious phenomenon lately occurred at the newly erected Flax-Mills, Leeds, (Eng.) During the thunder storm, two bodies of fire, one from the S. E. and another from the N. W. united and spread themselves into a large extended sheet over the roof of

the mill. The top of the building seemed entirely covered with fire for some seconds; but we are happy to state, though a great number of persons were at work in the different rooms of the mill, not one of them felt the least inconvenience or injury. It is proper to observe, that this elegant mill is built upon a fire-proof construction—not any wood is emlpoyed—and each floor of the numerous rooms is supported by brick arches and iron pillars—which pillars communicate from top to bottom, and support the roof; and whether the electric fluid fell upon the mill by attraction or accident, the fact is certain, that the numerous *iron points* at the top of the building, supporting the roof and connecting with the ground by means of the pillars, must have silently conducted the whole mass of electric fluid in safety to the earth.

An engagement recently took place between a British fleet under the command of vice admiral Calder, and the combined squadrons of France and Spain, in which the latter was defeated with the loss (it is conjectured) of a great number of men, besides one 74 and one 84 gun ship—the former having 41 killed and 158 wounded.

A French gentleman latety going in his Cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man who was walking along the road, and who begged the favour of him to let him put his great coat, which he found very heavy, into the carriage. With all my heart, said the gentleman, but if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat? Monsieur, answered the man with great naivete, je serai dedans, (I shall be in it.) The gentleman immediately took him into his carriage.

Domestic.

Summary of the City Hospital Report.

	Admitted.	Died.	Discharged cured.
14th inst.	9	5	0
15th do. } 16th do. }	11	12	7
17th do.	13	4	2
18th do.	4	1	2
19th do.	9	4	3
20th do.	7	7	3

Remaining in the hospital 49, of whom 19 are convalescent.

Number of cases of Malignant fever that have been published by the Board of Health from the commencement of the reports of the physicians to the 20th instant.

	Southwark.	City.	N. Liberties.
7th inst.	70	6	0
9th do.	17	3	0
10th do.	30	1	0
11th do.	12	0	2
12th do.	32	3	0
13th do.	10	8	0
14th do.	12	5	0
15th & 16th	33	8	1
17th do.	7	2	2
18th do.	31	1	0
19th do.	16	4	1
20th do.	28	3	0

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 13th to the 20th instant.

14th	Adults 13	—Children 1
15th & 16th	19	7
17th	15	6
18th	11	7
19th	20	3
20th	17	4
	85	28—total 113.

About half past 4 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in a Sugar-house on Vine-street, between Second and Third-streets, belonging to Edward Pennington, which entirely consumed it, together with several other buildings in its vicinity.

The present scene at New-York.—Perhaps (says the New-York Daily Advertiser) at no former visitation of the alarming epidemic was the spread of the fever more rapid, or the flight of the citizens more sudden. Scarcely had the dread disease made its approach, when it extended itself widely around the place of its first appearance, and soon penetrated into the interior of the city. Nor was the terror of the inhabitants less instant.—Taught by painful experience the fatal nature of the epidemic, those, most immediately exposed to its dangers, fled almost instantaneously from the seat of the disease. Anxious to prosecute their usual pursuits, many of the citizens engaged houses and stores in the vicinity of the town, and particularly at Greenwich, so that the rents soon became enormous, indeed in some instances incredible. Soon the streets and roads were covered with the goods and furniture of the fleeing inhabitants, and both in and out of town, all was solicitude and bustle. Others again who chose a more distant retreat hurried away by water in every direction, so that in a day or two, thousands had disappeared, and the most populous part of the city was left uninhabited.

And yet, though safety was so generally sought in flight, it was our lot not unfrequently to see the sable and solitary hearse "slow moving to the mansions of the dead," while perhaps a single mourner or two followed at an awful distance. With what anxiety have we seen the populace crowd around the Health-office to ascertain who more of their fellow citizens had been seized by the dread distemper, and who more were numbered with the dead. But enough on the melancholy theme at present: it will recur but too frequently.

From Chester county, Pennsylvania, we learn, that on the morning of the 28th ultimo a tremendous fall of rain took place in the upper end of that and adjacent parts of Lancaster county, such as the oldest inhabitants of the neighbourhood never before experienced. Our informant states, that for some time it appeared as though the sluices of the great deep were broken up; that the water descended in torrents, swelling the rivulets and larger streams to an enormous height, and rolling impetuously down the hills, swept with resistless fury all that opposed its progress in the vallies below, bearing down fences and enclosures as well as mill dams of every description, and some buildings; among the latter are mentioned one forge and one coal house totally washed down, another forge nearly washed down, and two more much injured; one saw mill carried off, and two others materially damaged, and removed from their foundation; one valuable flour mill and one nail factory completely torn to pieces, and almost entirely washed away; and three valuable bridges, two of them on stone piers, swept off, together with sixteen valuable mills, and four dams entirely levelled to their foundations, all within a distance of about fifteen miles, principally on the Brandywine, and the smaller streams emptying thereinto. One or two families were obliged to fly for their lives, leaving their houses and furniture to the mercy of the furious elements; fortunately, no lives were lost. The destruction of fences, our informant adds, is almost inconceiveable; the best idea he can furnish on the subject is, that on the meadows of one person, nearly 30,000 rails are deposited.

Considerable damage has also been done on the Octorara creek, in Lancaster county, as well as on the streams composing Elk river in Maryland—particulars not ascertained.

On the Brandywine, which presented such a scene as the neighbouring inhabitants had never before witnessed, the water in less than eight hours rose twenty feet perpendicular.

Several letters have been received in town corroborating the above account, one of which says, that this was absolutely unequalled in the annals of American floods.

The ship Margaret, Capt. Young, in 60 days from Africa, with TWO HUNDRED and SIXTY SLAVES, consigned to GIBSON AND BROADFOOT, arrived at Charleston on the 5th instant.—There are at present SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY SLAVES, for sale in Charleston.

During one week ending the 14th inst. 89 deaths occurred in the city of New York, 35 of which were with malignant fever.

In Baltimore during one week ending the 15th inst. 19.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, & CO.
NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,
Where Subscriptions and Communications (post paid) *will be received.*
Subscriptions will also be received at Benjamin Johnson's *Book-Store, No.* 31, *Market-Street.*